

Shipbuilder



1964





To my friend  
Ann, Remember  
kid what our back is.  
And don't forget you're  
still a swell girl friend  
even if you do go around  
stealing my boyfriends.  
Love and Luck  
Joan

Lots of luck  
and especially  
with friends  
boyfriends  
yours

Ann Jones

Lots of Luck  
don't forget the trouble  
I had in signing this.  
Barbara

ann  
Lots of luck -  
and be sure you stay  
away from George  
if you are so good at  
stealing boy friends -  
Joan

Lots of luck  
a swell kid  
Jim Brown

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To Ann:  
Didn't we (Sal, you, & I)  
do a wonderful job in driving  
Mr. W. crazy, huh? It was  
fun, anyway!  
Love,  
Judith

To Ann -  
who never thinks  
of anything but  
driving! ??  
D.D. Vintner

Ann:  
I can't believe I  
wasn't about what  
they said, I know  
you! You would be  
best everyone else's  
boyfriends?!!!  
huh, huh, huh - well  
anyway, good luck  
with the driving  
boyfriends - always  
remember the  
fun we've had!  
Love "55"

Peanut  
There all  
afraid of  
competition huh!  
As I say competition  
in business makes  
it a success.  
You show them  
all up!!  
you can do  
it to.  
a friend



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# dedication



We, the Class of 1954, dedicate  
this Shipbuilder to  
MRS. JAMES W. VOSE,  
home room teacher and Senior Advisor  
who, by her own example, taught us  
the meaning of patience and kindness.

# faculty



Mr. Dixon



Mrs. Joyce



Mrs. Voe



Mr. Small



Mrs. Ross



Mrs. Taylor



Miss Jenkins



Mrs. Davis

Mrs. Sprout  
Miss Bartean  
Mr. Ross



Miss Farrar

Miss Jenkins

Mrs. Knapp

Mr. Reavey



Mr. Lindsey



*Mrs. Vernon  
in the newly completed  
domestic arts room.*



*Mrs. Gulliver  
our favorite art  
teacher.*



## faculty



*The leader of the Band!  
Mr. Lovinelli, of course.*



*Mr. Axon in the  
new shop room,  
which was completed  
in December.*





# yearbook

## staff

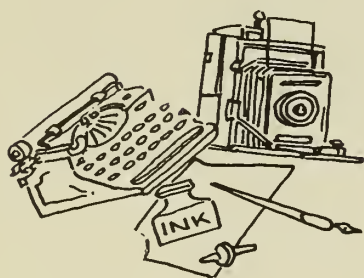


Judy Adams

Co-Editors  
Ann Wilson  
APW



Photography Editor Bryan Reed



Art Editor



Joan White



Literary Editor

Hilda

Banall

We wish to thank the following people for their assistance.

Mrs. Rose

Mrs. Small  
Mrs. Joyce

Mrs. Taylor  
Ann Jones

Jean Joseph



Clifford Hanson

Sports Editors



# Seniors

*Class Flower -  
Yellow Tea  
Rose*



**" When all else is lost the  
future still remains "**

May you  
 can't  
 Be your  
 friend  
 some of



PRESIDENT  
 BRYAN REED  
 "BOO-RAY"

"Ability is of little  
 account without opportunity"

Do you love the red  
 & the girl. Name later  
 & love. Bryan

I wish I could  
 be as friendly  
 with my own  
 sister as I am with  
 my "twin". You're a  
 real, Ann, but I  
 wouldn't drive a car on  
 the same road with you  
 you look like me  
 how do I know  
 you don't  
 drive like  
 me too!!  
 Love  
 Luck  
 +  
 drop dead  
 Jenkins  
 forever



SECRETARY

JUDY ADAMS  
 "SPEED"

"Obey thine impulse--  
 most of the time"

# Senior officers

VICE-PRESIDENT



JEAN JOSEPH  
 "J.C."

Ann  
 wondering if  
 high school  
 photo had  
 guess you  
 old picture  
 the year  
 the year  
 the year

TREASURER

FAY CAVANAGH  
 "FAY"

"No man's credit is  
 as good as his money"

No Ann  
 I am all  
 the same in



most classes  
 are supposed to  
 be like  
 J.





MARY WOOD

"LULU"

"We walk by faith, not by sight"

To Ann  
next year you  
will be a great  
senior. Be as  
good as you can.  
Love  
Mony



LYN SAVAGE

"SAV"

"The labourer is worthy of his reward"

To Ann  
The best typist  
in the school  
and a swell  
Kiss  
Best of luck  
Lyn

To Ann,  
again a joke  
Be good. That's what  
you told me to say,



LOIS BROWN

"LO"

"Humor is the harmony of the heart"

Best of  
luck  
Lois

CAMILLA CRANTON

"CAM"

"All things come round  
to him who will but wait"



To Ann  
a coming  
senior who  
Shakespeare  
next year  
you lucky!  
Camilla



JOAN WHITE

"RIP"

"Hitch your wagon to a star"

Ann:  
One of my  
Favorite Juniors.  
Our experiences during  
Basketball will be one of  
those things I will never  
forget. Good luck always,  
Joan

Annie -  
you are the  
greatest. I like  
you, and that's  
such a honor!  
Thanks for being  
a friend, Ann. I'll  
try to be the same  
to you.  
(that was some  
cute boy I saw  
you with!)

Annie

Ann:  
I would like  
to have some one  
in my class who is  
as nice as you are.  
I'll be sure to  
write you again.  
It's your turn.  
Ann



ANN WILSON

"JELLY BEAN"

"Nothing great was

ever achieved without enthusiasm"



CAROLE FARNSWORTH

"Silence is more eloquent than words"

PAUL ROBINSON

"Fortune favors

the audacious"

Anne  
I'm sure you were  
one of the better drivers  
in the D.C. class but  
I'm afraid the  
telephone poles will  
catch it this summer.  
Paul  
"54"







CLIFFORD HANSON

"CLIFF"

"Politeness goes far,  
yet costs nothing"

*To Ann,  
Keep up those  
good marks  
Good Luck  
Cliff.*

*To Ann,  
The kid with a  
head on her  
shoulder says*



SHIRLEY GILBERT

"SHIRL"

"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent

thing in woman."

RITA LEAVITT

"A good laugh is sunshine in a house"

*To Ann, live  
as "Chickie"  
sure before  
is cute. Long  
to him. Lots of luck  
Rita*



HILDA PANALL

"HILLY"

"Earnestness is the  
salt of eloquence"

*Best wishes,  
Hilda*

"The only way to have  
a friend is to be one"



LEE MCKENNY

"DAD"



# Last Will and Testament.

We, the Seniors of the High School of Norwell, County of Plymouth, and State of Massachusetts, being of almost legal age and sound mind and memory, do make, do publish, and do declare this our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and annulling any and all Will or Wills by us made heretofore:

Item I: We direct that all our back dues and present graduating expenses be paid by future Senior treasuries as soon as possible after our graduation.

Item II: To our beloved successors, the present Juniors, we do will and bequeath a hall monitor who will discreetly overlook various disturbances in the lavs. By our direction, this service will be rendered free of charge.

Item III: To the terrible three, namely Jim Brown, Paul W. Robinson, and Billy Cobb, we do will and bequeath our special formulas written on the subject, "How to date new girls, and still keep old girlfriends on the string." This edition comes with a list of telephone numbers within a ten mile radius of Norwell.

Item IV: To the girls of the Junior Class, we do will and bequeath a new succession of all male teachers, as the Senior girls believe that male teachers have a better effect on female students. Invested in this will is a provision that these men shall be handsome, and good-natured. These bundles from Bridgewater will also be broad-minded during marking periods.

Item V: To the Sophomore Class, next year's Juniors, we leave our well-worn rules and plans for antagonizing Seniors. Said rules follow thusly:  
A. Steal Seniors' books, pencils, and boyfriends. This probably is the worst crime you could commit against a Senior, as they hate being outdone by lowerclassmen.  
B. Cut in front of them in the lunch line. If said Seniors do not have you out of a third story window for such an offense, you will get a big kick out of watching their faces turning slowly from orange to deep purple.  
C. Criticize the way the boys wear their clothes; tell the girls that their haircuts are strictly for the birds. If you succeed in being completely obnoxious to them, they will never blackjack you into buying tickets for their various dances and entertainments.

Item VI: To the Sophomores of '55, we do will and bequeath our talent for always sponsoring successful dances. This is a very valuable asset as you will find when you discover you won't have enough money to graduate.

Item VII: All the rest and residue of our estate and property of any kind and property whatsoever, we bequeath to the Freshmen. For no explainable reason, these scraps always seem to go to the Freshmen, and they contain these items.  
1. A manual entitled, "How to say, 'No'." This is a great help when upperclassmen try to persuade you to run their errands.  
2. We leave you our surplus confidence and self-reliance, you will now be able to face your first day as Freshmen without melting away in fright.  
3. Last of all, we bequeath you Bryan Reed. We commit this act of generosity for no particular reason except that we don't want him. Anyway, Bryan has a preference for Freshmen.

Item VIII: To all members of the Faculty, we do bequeath renewed patience and determination with which to face the long, fruitless years ahead. We also leave you the guarantee that there will never be another class equal to ours in Norwell High School.

Item IX: We nominate and appoint our beloved counselor, friend and advisor, Mrs. Vose, of Room 6, Executrix of this our Last Will and Testament, to serve without bond.

In Witness Whereof we have hereunto set our hands to this our Last Will and Testament.

*Judith E. Adams*  
For the Class of 1954

Norwell, Massachusetts, this seventh day of June, A.D. 1954.

*Jean Joseph* resides at *Town Dump*  
*Joan White* resides at *Town Landing*



# Who's Who in the Freshman Class

Did you know that.... Laura Cunningham is an expert

George Cavanaugh represents our class best in sports? Bob Krueger dances well? Tatty is an avid Four-H enthusiast? Dick Maxwell is ready for big-league baseball? Judy sell refrigerators to Eskimos? Margery Joseph is an admirable pianist?

Beverly Campbell is our bird-escape artist?

marked talent for memory work? Betty excellent drummer? Kathy Leslie could

horsewoman? Gale Falgout has a talent for ten. Caprice is our social butterfly? Sandy Hoss and Glen Tomlinson keep the class rocking with laughter? Frankie Chavette has a roller-skates driveway? Peter Elbert is our entomologist? Bonnie Howell is an



Nancy Chase

Venimus, Vidimus, Vicimus?



Mr. Ross' Lectures



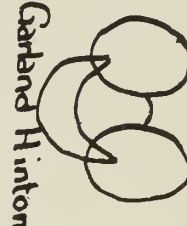
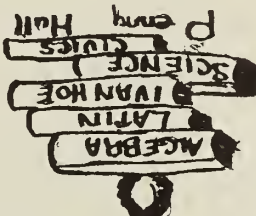
Peter Smellie



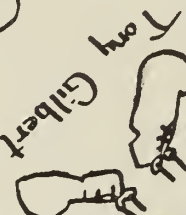
Sandra Blanchard



Charlie Lincoln



Garland Hinton



Tommy Gilbert



Pinky Watt

and Glenda Hedgesen tick like docks when playing field hockey? Sandra Hakanson keeps the class rocking with laughter? Frankie Chavette has a roller-skates driveway? Peter Elbert is our entomologist? Bonnie Howell is an

## A DOUBLE COMEBACK

The early morning mist floated in gray wisps over the track and infield. The horses out for an early morning "breeze" galloped in sweeping strides over the turf. Shrill, urging cries and sharp, whistled tunes could be faintly heard above the roll of the horses' hoofs.



A thin little man with sandy red hair caressed the arched neck of a big bay. As Red Pollard whispered to him, the big stallion cocked his head wisely to one side, the bright liquid eyes showing excitement.

"You and me is gonna show 'em today, ain't we Biscuit? We's had hard luck, but this afternoon we is gonna be in the winner's circle."

Red had been in the hospital for many months and the bay stallion had been seriously lame.



The jockey's dressing room was hot and steamy. The hiss of showers could be heard above the laughter and talk. Red sat quietly in a corner by himself as he donned his scarlet silks. He strolled outside and paced up and down the stable yard. He couldn't understand why he was so nervous and tense. Hadn't he ridden in many races in his day? He heard people say, "Old man Howard must be really hard up to let Pollard ride the Biscuit."

It was a beautiful day, the clouds in the sky looked like bolls of cotton. The sun burned down on all the horses and riders. Suddenly he heard his call, "Jockeys up!" An attendant lifted Red into the saddle and led horse and jockey to the track. The horses were eager, dancing and side-stepping as they neared the starting gate. One golden bay stallion stood out among all the field as his streamline body pranced down the track and a thin hunched figure leaned forward whispering an encouraging word into alert ears.

"We'll do the best we can," Red thought as he rode his horse into the starting stall and the door slammed shut behind him. The horses were tense and dripping with sweat; the jockeys, gripping their bats, were trying to quiet the excited animals. Clang!--- There was a roar from the crowd that echoed throughout the stands, and shrill cries sounded from the jockeys as the horses, on atomic powered legs, sprang from the gate and thundered down the track. Red Pollard was no longer nervous. This was his business!

## II

The crowd had gone, leaving all the debris behind them. Grooms were laughing and joking as they walked horses, steaming hot from the races. A rather stout man in a dark gray suit walked briskly down the stable floor. He stopped, unlatched a door, and walked into a stall. He found, not to his surprise, a little sandy-haired man. He laid his hand on Pollard's thin shoulder, "You and the Biscuit ran a fine race. I knew you could do it." The little jockey smiled, "When we came around the far turn, I asked him and he gave me all he had." Seabiscuit, one of the greatest race horses of all time, raised his head and gave Red Pollard a playful shove.

Laura Cunningham '57

## AN AGE OLD DISPUTE

Electric trains are great little toys,  
Intensely enjoyed by Dad and the boys.  
But wouldn't it be nice if boys could play  
With these novel gadgets--alone all day?  
We could in so much more fun engage  
If Dad would only act his age!  
Since these toys hold fascination,  
Is there more need for explanation?  
But of course, the real fun was had  
By good old "Second Childhood" Dad!

David Knight '56

## A GEOMETRY BOOK

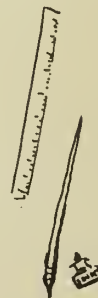
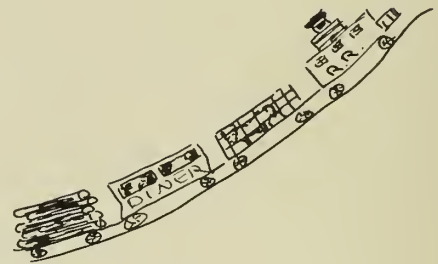
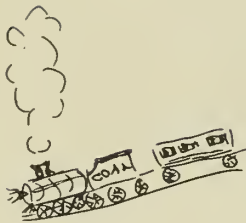
This is Norwell High School. All around are students...Dum Da Dum Dum! It's 8:20 a.m.; the first class bell has just rung. My name is Plane Geometry; I'm a geometry book. My job is to help my students learn postulates and theorems. All I want to teach them is the facts. That's all I want-the facts.

Some of my experiences through an ordinary day, I shall now enumerate. The long struggle starts when I am being pushed around in a desk. At last I am found and piled up with the rest of my colleagues: World History, Latin, English, and French. Slowly we trudge up the stairs. Wow! That cute Freshman Algebra book just passed. We have just been thrown into a locker. Hark! I hear a whimpering noise. Just as I thought a young library book that is not used to this rough treatment. A tear rolls down my cover as I remember my first few weeks in this sweatbox.

Oh, there's a light...time for Geometry II. Today there is a test. Now my skill goes to work. Thank goodness I can see between the pages. "Hey! No, Jane, that's the wrong axiom!" Gosh, she can't hear me. Oh well, the test is over now. Aoooh! A ruler was just stabbed into my pages. After I recover from this attack I am tossed back into my desk. I shall stay here for about three hours.

I am now taken out into the fresh air and then to the school bus. Help! I was just tossed at a junior in the back of the bus. Now a few words are being said by the bus driver and I am handed to my mistress. It is 4:00 p.m.. Since I arrived in the house nothing has happened to me. Last night the assigned homework was done--a most unusual occurrence. The results? It was all wrong! Dum Da Dum Dum!

Marcia Merritt '56





## THE BIG CAVE

One day while exploring, I came upon a cave. It was of unusual proportions--the like of which I had never seen. Approaching cautiously, I crept to the entrance and peeked inside. I entered very hesitantly. The roof and sides of this cave were red tinged with white. Stalactites, varying in color from white to light yellow, hung from the top making a semicircle. I was so interested I pushed in farther. On the floor of the cave a thin covering of red moss prevailed. Stalagmites grew from the bottom. These were the same color as those that hung from the roof: and from what I could gather, they were of the same materials. Finding that the cave plunged downward, I was scared to go further, so I went for my friends and equipment. I took them to the structure. When I pointed it out, everyone laughed.

Mother said, "Dear, that is no cave that is someone's mouth." You see I am a fly and only a few weeks old.

Judy Lawrence '56

## THE WATERFALL

Lovely, shining, silvery spray,  
Rushing on through night and day,  
Never quiet, never still,  
Plunging down the rocky hill.  
When I play or while I sleep,  
You're rushing to the ocean deep,  
But in my dreams I hear you call,  
Lovely, shining waterfall.

Nancy Varner '56

## THE SEAS

Joyce Kilmer writes of "Trees." Joyce Kilmer prefers the "Seas."

I think that I shall never see  
A thing more lovely than the sea  
Where sea gulls wheel above the crest  
Or, weary, light to take their rest.  
The sea that goes out twice a day  
But leaves her rhythm here to stay;  
The sea that does in morning wear  
Diamonds and sunbeams in her hair;  
Upon whose crest the boats do glide  
And sail across the ocean wide.  
The sea that in a storm can be  
The greatest foe of you and me.  
Words are made by men like me  
But only God can make a sea.

'55

## NARRATIVE

The deer moved swiftly through the woods. I aimed carefully and fired. This was the first large animal that I had shot during the day. For two and a half hours I had been shooting small game--rabbits, squirrels, and chipmunks. Now I had something worth while. The sun was already falling below the horizon; I packed my camera and started over the miles of woodland----toward home.



Paul W. Robinson '55

## WINGS ON HER FEET

I knocked on the door of a room in a large New York building on Fifth Avenue. From inside the sound of dancing could be heard, but my ears were only filled with the pounding of my heart.

"Come in," said a gruff voice.

I entered a room lined with mirrors and bars. Here several girls and boys were working.

"Change in there," was the order I received.

The small adjoining room smelled of perspiration and practice clothes were strewn about. Two girls were putting on ballet slippers. One was a brassy blonde who, I later learned, was Helen. The other was Joyce, a small frail girl. who smiled when I entered.

In a moment I was back in the studio and started warming up. My dream had come true. At last I was training with Sergie Diaghlev who was the greatest of ballet instructors. His mother was the immortal Alicia Markova.

"To the center, you, the redhead." That was my first meeting with Diaghlev.

Work, work, and more work followed. If our knees were bent, we could expect a sharp slap. Many days I could hardly walk, my legs were so tired and sore. Often men would visit the studio to audition for a musical or ballet company. Always Jane would be asked to dance. Diaghlev believed no one would ever equal his mother but favored Jane because of her remarkable physical resemblance to the great Markova.

One day a man visited the studio and asked for three girls. All were to dance one night; one was to be chosen to join the company. After everyone had auditioned, Helen, Jane, and I were chosen. I was thrilled to the ends of my slippers. However, Helen seemed very confident that she would be picked.

For many weeks we rehearsed the parts, and then the night of great expectation arrived. We were assembled on stage just before the curtain was to go up. My mind was a blank. Then as the curtain rose my feet started to dance for some incredible reason. I noticed Helen crowding Jane at every chance. Jane's face was white under her make-up.

"Is everything all right?" I asked.

"I think I hurt my foot when I fell over some scenery backstage," she answered. "Does it look all right?"

I glanced down and saw red splotches of blood on her slipper, but I couldn't tell her that.

"It looks fine," I replied.

At one point in the ballet Helen, Jane, and I had to leap off the stage behind some scenery. Helen was last, and as she jumped she deliberately tried to hurt Jane. Helen landed on my ankle instead. Just then Diaghlev ran over and dragged Helen away by the hair. When he returned, he asked me to take off my slippers and give them to Jane, as her shoes were covered with blood. This meant that Jane would dance the solo, and I should be out of the ballet altogether. My eyes filled with tears, and I stumbled toward the stairs beside Diaghlev.





"Jane needed this part," he started to explain. "She is not strong but she should by no means fall by the wayside because of that fact. Here she will be able to dance in the corps de ballet and also perform solos. You, my dear, were meant for greater heights. Did you see your name on the program?"

I searched for my name, Marlo Helvite, but could not find it. Then he pointed at the name Marlo Markova.

"But Jane----looks like her," I stammered.

"Ah look! But she does not have a fire burning in her soul that commands creation. This you possess!"

I put my head down and cried. There was no other name I would treasure more. It was a symbol, a goal of the future.

Just then a stage hand came to the top of the stairs and tried to get by. Diaghlev would not move.

As the man sputtered, Diaghlev shouted, "Someday you will be happy to say that you could not get down the stairs because Marlo Markova was sitting on them. Someday you will be proud to say it!"

Joan MacFarlane '55



#### FATAL JOKE

When Bob was shipped to Korea, Judy Carle was left alone to care for her family. She now lavished all her attention and love on five-months-old Susan whom Bob had never even seen.

As I sat in their living room baby-sitting, I suddenly felt aware of my responsibility. The baby upstairs, sleeping so peacefully, was Mrs. Carle's sole means of moral support. Only through the child was she able to keep alive her hope and faith.

Becoming drowsy, I picked up the evening paper and began the funnies when a particular headline jumped out at me.

COLLEGE BOY KILLS BABY-- A good-looking, freckle-faced young man, pretending to be a close relative, entered a house in a Boston Suburb last night. The murderer began a lively conversation with the baby-sitter. They were chatting over a cup of tea when suddenly the visitor grabbed the girl and gagged and bound her. The young man ran upstairs, killed the baby, and left the house. Police have sent out several search parties in search of this maniac. Be on the watch for he is still at large.

My stomach began to churn. I just couldn't read further. It was absurd to be frightened, but just supposing--

There was a sharp rap on the door.

I broke into a cold sweat. The objects in the room became blurred as I forced myself to the door. I opened it. The young man, perhaps a bit older than I had pictured, fitted the description perfectly.

"Good evening Miss. Is Mrs. Carle home?"

He seemed very disappointed when I told him that she wasn't in. "Well, I'm an old school friend of Mrs. Carle's. Could I come in and talk with you? I'll be going back to Chicago tomorrow, and I'd just like to hear how Judy's getting along.

Not wishing to alarm him, I invited him into the living room, where we sat down and began to talk.

Presently I said, as I entered the kitchen, "If you'd be willing to wait, I'll go and fix some tea." My first plan was to arm myself with the carving knife, but then I noticed some rat poison on the shelf. When the water was hot, I filled the cups and carefully stirred a generous portion of the deadly powder into his tea. It calmed my nerves somewhat to think that this would soon put an end to the death pattern of the horrible creature.

"Ah, this is the best cup of tea I've ever had," the young man praised.

Yes, and also your last, my dear friend, I thought to myself. I said, "do you have a family awaiting you back in Chicago?"

"Oh yes,--wife and three kids. I suppose Mrs. Carle has some little ones of her own by now?"

"One little girl."

"How nice, How old is she?"

"Let's see--she'll be five months next Monday."

"Is Susan as pretty as her mother?"

I gasped. "But I haven't mentioned her name!"

He burst out laughing. "Oh darn! I slipped! I didn't mean to tell you this, but you see I'm Bob Carle. My ship arrived in New York today. I flew straight home to see my Honey, but when I found you here I thought I'd have a bit of fun observing my little family through your eyes."

Martha Bailey '55

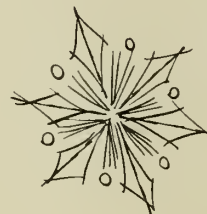
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA

#### WINTER

The weather is crisp,  
The nights are clear;  
Snow's in the air  
Winter is here!

The flowers are gone,  
The grass is brown;  
Soon the snow  
Will be fluttering down.

With winter comes Christmas,  
The best time of year,  
Again we're all happy.  
Winter is here!



Fay Cavanagh '54

#### LAST DANCE

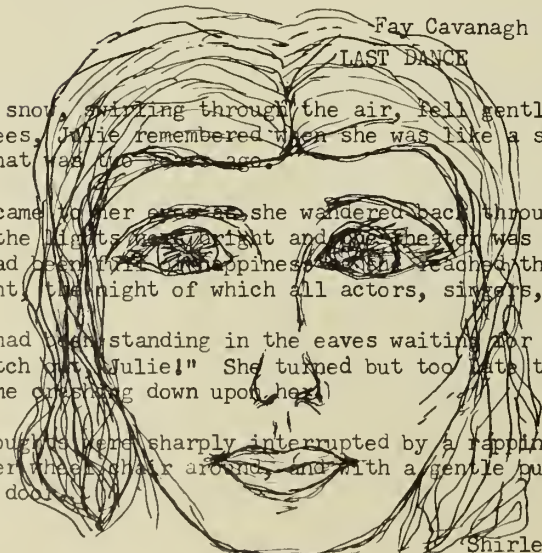
As the snow, swirling through the air, fell gently on the limbs of the burdened trees, Julie remembered when she was like a snow flake - free and dancing. That was the last time.

Tears came to her eyes as she wandered back through the years to the night when the lights were bright and the theater was thronged with people. Her heart had been full of happiness when she reached the stage door. Tonight was her night, the night of which all actors, singers, and dancers dream.

Julie had been standing in the eaves waiting for her entrance, someone called, "Watch out, Julie!" She turned but too late to escape disaster. A sand bag came crashing down upon her.

Her thoughts were sharply interrupted by a rapping at the door. Slowly she swung her wheelchair around, and with a gentle push she was near enough to open the door.

Shirley Gilbert '54



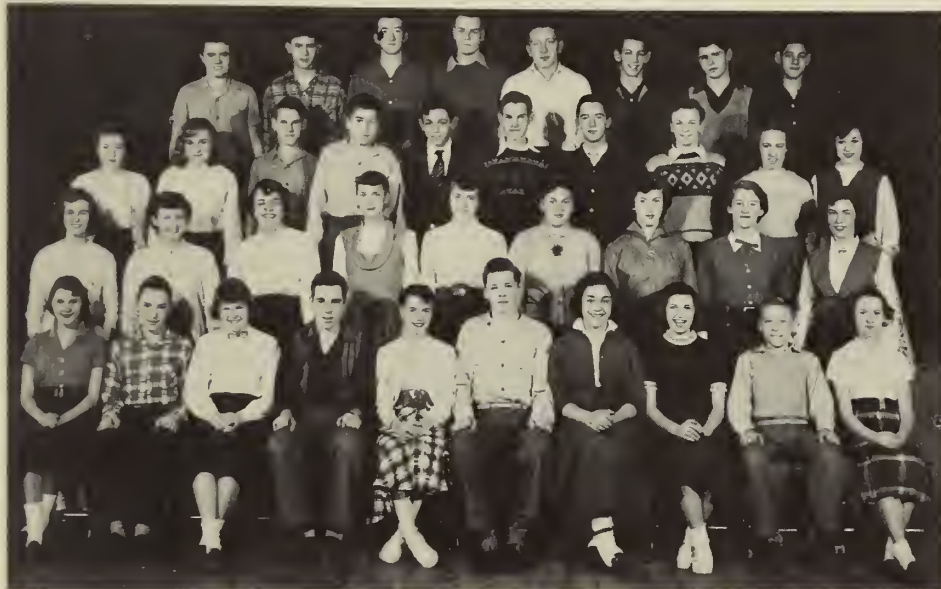




**class  
of  
1955**



**class  
of  
1956**



**class  
of  
1957**





**eighth grade**



**seventh grade**



**seventh grade**





**french club**



**glee club**



**dramatic club**

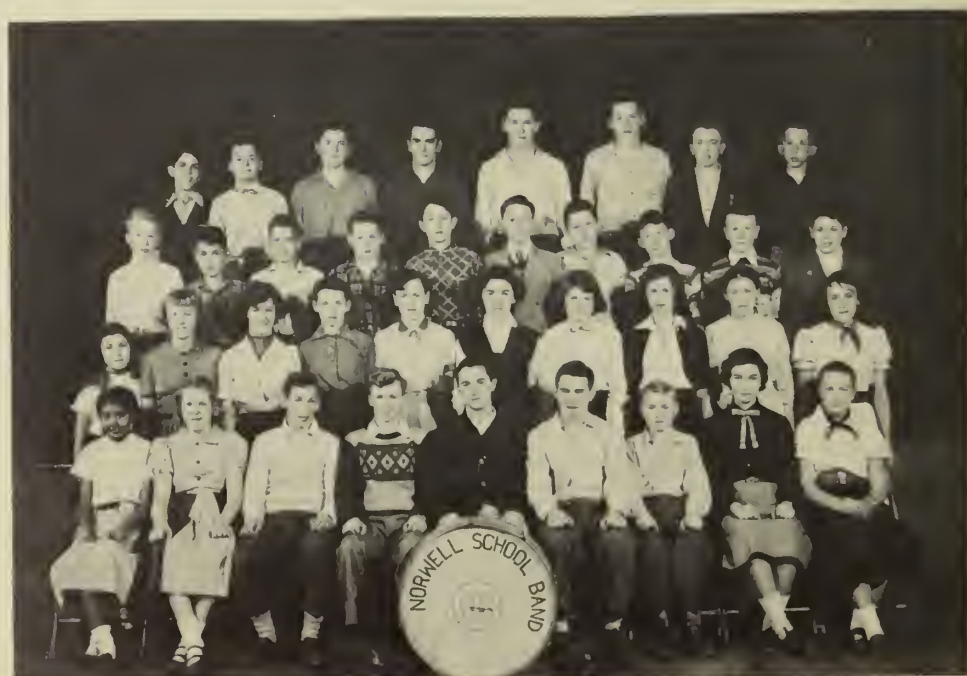




# honor society



# band







**student council**



**commercial club**



**typists**

**library**





**softball**



**field hockey**



**basketball**



**cheerleaders**





**baseball**



**basketball**



**soccer**







*Class Trip - 1953*



*Mess Hall*



*Scavenger Judy  
at work.*



*Who pinched Joana?*



*What? Typists?*



*Charge!*



*Class Trip Again*



*Bita -  
down on the  
farm.*



*And again*



**seniors**



**future farmers**



**honor student**



**activities**



**custodians**

FAVORITE SAYING

FAVORITE SONG

OCCUPATION

DESTINATION



Joan White

"I'm sunk"

"Bell Bottom Blues"

WAVE

Newport R.I.

Camilla Cranton

"I'm gettin' out of here"

"Slow Boat to China"

Peroxide peddler

China

Lyn Savage

"Come on, you guys"

"We're having a Heat Wave"

Lightening rod tester

TV tower of Empire State Building

Clifford Hanson

"Cut it out, Savage"

"Trombone Toboggan"

Protegé of Tommy Dorsey

Paladium



Mary Wood

"But, but, but...."

"Keep it Gay"

Taxi Driver

Telephone pole

Bryan Reed

"Supersonic"

"Too Young"

Surveyer

Stetson Road

Lois Brown

"Gadzooks"

"Secret Love"

Key Counter in a typewriter factory.

Switzerland

Judy Adams

"I'm hungry"

"I'm Hungry for your Kisses"

Millionaire

Fort Knox



Shirley Gilbert

"Oh, golly"

"Moulin Rouge"

Hog caller

Metropolitan Opera  
Company

Rita Leavitt

"Somebody goofed"

"Lazybones"

No Occupation

Shade of the Old  
Apple Tree

Usherette

Carole Farnsworth

"What a doll"

"Cannonball Yodel"

Ann Wilson

"He's late again"

"Slowpoke"

Water Girl

Fenway Park

Strand

Jean Joseph

"You're not too bright"

"My Heart Belongs  
to Daddy"

Termite  
Inspector

Torch of Statue  
of Liberty

Lee Mckenney

"\*"

"Lover, Come Back  
to Me"

Gentleman.  
Farmer

New York harbor

Hilda Panall

"Tally Ho"

"Mule Train"

Bronc Buster

Sportsman's Show

Paul Robinson

"My battery's low"

"I get a Kick out  
of You"

Battery Tester

Ye Olde Tavern  
Filling Station

Fay Cavanagh

"No, I don't  
like it."

"Anything you can do,  
I can do better"

Critic

Hometown, U.S.A.

\*He doesn't say much



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**SERVICE**

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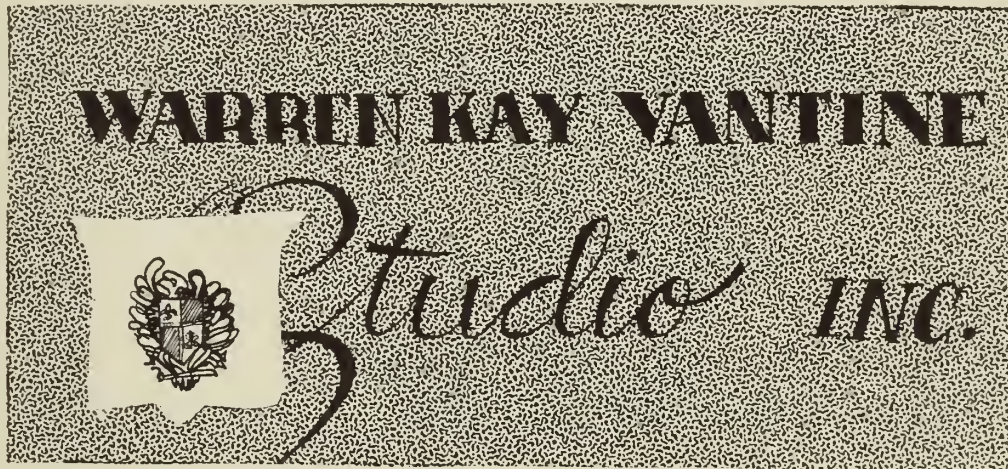
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Central Street, Norwell, Tel. 2

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Tel. 4-0200



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of  
the*

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FOR  
CLASS OF 1954

# Colton Chevrolet

5 BROOK ST. SCITUATE

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tel. Sci. 154

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*Spencer P. Joseph*



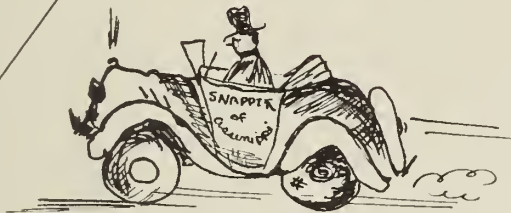
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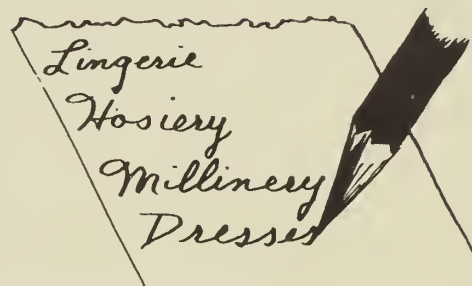
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Batteries	✓

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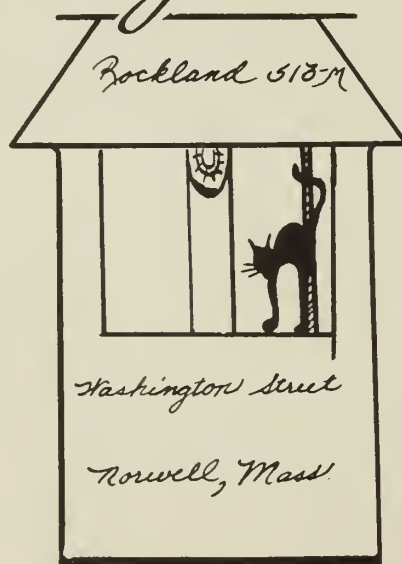
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*Shop*

*Gift*





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LWC

Ann  
 But that "crazy"  
 moped you can off  
 the road. And don't  
 mess off the road like you  
 did it!! HA HA. Catching you on  
 your school work? Dearly Lick  
 Rgn "54"

Ann:  
 You'll never  
 get that license!  
 p. 100 55

to a  
 sweet class  
 meet and a fellow  
 driver's Ed. student  
 be a good driver like me.  
 Jack 55

Ann  
 A sweet kind and  
 a nice class mate  
 Barbie

Ann!  
 Remember all the  
 fun we had in  
 drivers Ed. even  
 though we didn't  
 learn to drive??  
 The Best of Luck  
 always.  
 "mah"

To: Ann  
 One of the best  
 cheerleaders the school  
 has got.

Rita '56

Ann:  
 Good luck  
 to a nice girl.  
 "Ben" '56

Ann:  
 I don't know who is  
 your friend in  
 state. I thought  
 it was the other who  
 around. I'll see you  
 so get a license any one  
 rest of us did too much  
 fooling around. Be sure  
 and take me some  
 time  
 "Bud"  
 July

Ann:  
 "A wonderful coming out"  
 Remember all the fun we  
 had. Go over to Chuckie he's a  
 swell kick.  
 Best of luck always  
 Nanely  
 "55"

to him from  
don't lose  
through my  
don't lose  
in power  
high  
winning  
the spirit

Handwritten notes in Arabic script, likely a list or index, written on aged paper. The text is arranged in several lines, with some words appearing to be repeated or listed in a structured manner. The handwriting is cursive and characteristic of the Ottoman or early modern Arabic script.

To Ann,  
Good luck in everything.  
Didn't we have fun in  
Driver's Ed. this year.  
Especially reading That  
Poem.

To Anne,  
I didn't mean to  
put the e on - honest!  
any way best of luck  
in the future! you  
sure deserve success!

Cindy - This makes  
two of us. Best of  
luck to a wonderful  
gal and a champ at  
Scrabble. Remember  
our hike?

: of mma  
 eren it is, tubtawtisi m, IT  
 tot oter ~~us~~. sknahT  
 miqqa nos qmipleh  
 em m, w tahT  
 qirp. s.p. EPOH  
 uoy nac DAER SIHT.  
 Joyce G.  
 ARY

It's been great meeting  
you this year and if we  
have all the same kids I'm  
sure next year will be an  
even greater success. Good  
luck in everything you do  
and never change.

July  
34

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